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WHOLE NO. 658.

From the Child's paper.

GRACE DARLING.

The Farne Islands are a rocky and desolate group off Northumberland, on the English coast. A few stunted bushes, with tufts of grass, force growth in the sheltered nooks, while nothing lives there but the sea-fowl in the clefts of the rocks, whose hoarse screams chime with the dashing of waters and the roaring of winds. Sometimes there are sounds louder than the wind and waves—the minute gun of distress from a foundering vessel, and the shriek of agony from the shipwrecked mariner; for these islands are dangerous to coasters, and many a bark has gone to pieces upon their rock-bound shore.

It was on one of these islands that a steamer on her way from Hull to Dundee, the 5th of September, 1838, struck a ledge, and speedily broke up. She had on board a valuable cargo, with forty passengers besides the crew. It was four in the morning, dark, wild and stormy; all but nine persons found a watery grave. These clung to portions of the wreck, exposed to the buffetings of the tempest, in the hope that daylight might bring succor if succor could be had. When morning came, the unfortunate men were desecrated from the lighthouse built on Longstone, and kept by a weather-beaten tar by the name of Darling.

So perilous was their situation that it seemed hopeless; no boat could stand the breakers, and the stout heart of the hardy keeper trembled at the thought of braving the mad fury of the sea, as it drove against the rocks. The little solitary family in the lighthouse watched with painful anxiety the poor men struggling for life, yet doomed to certain and speedy death, if no aid could reach them, and that aid, they well knew, could be given only by themselves. One of the daughters was deeply moved by the spectacle. "Let us go to the rescue!" she cried. The old man surveyed the stormy heavens above and the angry sea below and shook his head: besides it would be madness for him to venture alone. "I will go with you father," said the heroic girl; and urged on by her entreaties, the keeper launched his boat. The girl jumped in beside him, and each with an oar, they made the perilous passage. What cool heads and steady hands and brave hearts were needed to guide the frail boat over the boiling eddies, drenched with the bewilering spray; but storm and wind and spray were all breasted.

After almost incredible skill and bravery, the men were taken from the wreck and landed safely at the lighthouse; and as they looked upon the young girl, to whom under God they owed their deliverance, their hearts filled with wonder and gratitude. Her name was GRACE DARLING, and when the rescued men reached once more the main land and told the story of her heroism, it filled all hearts with admiration, and everywhere excited the liveliest interest in her behalf. Many tokens of respect did she receive from both individuals and societies; a handsome subscription was raised for her in London, and visitors flocked to her island home for the pleasure of seeing her. One of the theaters of London offered to make her a fortune, if she would consent to show herself on the stage in her little boat. But Grace was as modest as she was brave. She did not seek notoriety, for true nobleness always shuns parade. In doing what she had done, she only followed the impulses of a brave and generous heart, which will dare and suffer all things to release the distress of a fellow-being.

The admiration which this act everywhere called forth, shows what deeds are truly great; and though she died only four years afterwards of consumption, the name of GRACE DARLING, the humble lighthouse girl, is likely ever to stand beside those who have rendered themselves illustrious by a generous devotion and noble daring for the good of others.

Robert Hall did not lose his powers of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the madhouse, and said in a winning tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied:—"What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain."

From Mackenzie's (Toronto) Message.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

We abridge the "Tribune's" criticism upon Mr. Justice Edmonds's new book, in which he and Senator Talmadge endeavor to prove that the Rochester Knockings, the prophecies and revelations of "mediums," the chair-dancing, bell-ringing, fiddle-playing, knot-in-handkerchief-trying, mysteries he recounts, are emanations from the spiritual world, God's latest mode of revealing his will to man; and that the statements professedly made to coteries and cliques of "believers," by Bacon and Swedenborg, Calhoun, Clay, &c., from "the future world," are sober realities of the age we live in.

The "Tribune" gives the Judge and the Senator credit for sincerity in their disclosures. We have our doubts. The Judge has had many years experience of the gullibility of the million. Joanna Southcott had her followers—Joe Smith's boldest recruits emigrated from the heart of England. What will not man believe? what tale of the unknown world has been too absurd for him to swallow? Read the history of all the religions in the world, their variety, and who professed to believe them, and you will no longer be surprised at an American Judge, in New York, endeavoring to ride the last new hobby, although it sets him down in a room with fiddles playing chairs dancing, &c., "by divine permission," as our "lord" b'ish-op here would say.

When a keen, sharp politician and lawyer—Mr. Van Buren's old manager in the State Senate of New York—sets up as the apostle of a new faith—we do well to look at his antecedents. Is not this Edmonds who was concerned with Kemble, Bishop and Barstow, in the memorable stock-jobbing of 1834-5—Edmonds the colleague of Butler, whose Washington and Warren Bank, Stated Preaching, and equivocal piety, rendered his name a standing jest throughout America? Has he not for thirty years been the steady worker with that political cabal who have displayed the greatest amount of cunning and intrigue, and the least of principle? And now, forsooth, he leaves his bench to converse with dead men, not through their works, but through a pretended necromancy, that answers questions before he can ask them—tells him his most secret thoughts, and ties six knots upon his handkerchief?

His friend Talmadge who writes the preface to his book, which we have not seen, is an old wily politician who sat in the United States Senate, wheeled round, dabbled in stock and western lands, got shelved by the people, and now studies table rockings, Rochester knockings, and spiritual communications! When the book comes to hand we will again refer to it.

We had written thus far when we met with Judge Edmonds's letter of 16th inst., declining to be the democratic candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, next month. He says he had been advised not to publish his book, and that in that case his re-election would have been certain, but that public opinion would not accept him and the book with its spiritualism.

Judge Edmonds on Spiritualism. SPIRITUALISM. BY JOHN W. EDMONDS and GEORGE T. DEXTER, M. D. with an Appendix by NATHANIEL P. TALLMADGE. Vol. I, 8vo. pp. 505. Patridge and Brittain.

The acquaintance of Judge Edmonds with Dr. Dexter, commenced about a year and a half ago, but it was not until last spring that they engaged in a series of investigations together for the purpose of gaining more light. A circle was formed consisting of several experienced mediums, in which remarkable communications soon began to be received. They purported to come principally from Lord Bacon and Swedenborg. In the first instance, the teachings were imparted through Dr. Dexter, as a writing medium, or a lady belonging to the circle, who was a speaking medium, and afterward reduced to form and written out by Judge Edmonds himself. The most interesting of these communications are contained in the present volume.

His statement of the motives which first led him to investigate the subject is impressive. Looking at the facts, which he substantiates by reference to the figures of statistics, that a vast majority of the

population of our country were not professed believers in the religion of the day—considering that even the world of professing Christians were divided into numerous sects, and most of the sects again divided into factions among themselves—and convinced that a true Christian Philosophy would not prompt men to shrink from the investigation of Nature, through fear of finding a contradiction between the works and the Word of God—he entered upon his investigations with a desire to satisfy his mind, whether the effects which he witnessed were a reality or a delusion, whence came the directing intelligence and will, and what was the end they aimed at?

In his second interview, none of his questions were asked orally, some were written and some merely framed in his mind—yet all were answered correctly. Once he began by writing a question of which he had thought, and it was answered when he had written only two words of it. Soon after he received personal manifestations, of a character which in his opinion, bore the strongest marks of spiritual origin. While on his way to meet a certain medium, he determined in his own mind to ask a particular question, but finding no chance to propose it, he still received an answer by a direct communication made as distinctly as if the question had been uttered aloud, although no human being knew his purpose.

He was directed through a medium to publish a statement of what he had witnessed. Evidence came and in such form as to leave no doubt on his mind.—It consisted of physical manifestations which demonstrated to him that they were not produced by mortal hands, and were governed by an intelligence independent of the persons present. "It is vain," says the Judge "to say we were deceived. I knew that I was not, and so did every one of that large party. So it is vain to say that the mediums did it, for they were actually more frightened at what occurred than we were, who were spectators, and essayed in vain to stop it. Then it was that the chair ran back and forth on the floor, the bell was rung over our heads, and one of the party was forcibly torn by an invisible power from my grasp, in spite of all his strength and mine. As I stood in a corner where no one could reach my pocket, I felt a hand thrust into it, and found afterward that six knots had been tied in my handkerchief. A bare viol was put into my hand and rested on my feet, and then was played upon. A violin was placed in my other hand and likewise played upon. Another violin was hung around my neck by one of its strings, and I was struck frequently with a fiddle bow. My person was repeatedly touched, and a chair pulled out from under me.—I felt on one of my arms what seemed to be the grip of an iron band. I felt distinctly the thumb and fingers, the palm of the hand and the ball of the thumb, and it held me fast by a power which I struggled to escape from in vain. With my other hand I felt all around the spot where the pressure was, and satisfied myself that it was no earthly hand that was thus holding me fast, nor indeed could it be. No earthly hand could thus hold me, for I was as powerless in that grip, as a fly would be in the grasp of my hand. And it continued with me until I had tried every means I could devise to get rid of it."

Watching the exhibitions of intelligence thus displayed, for years, he could find no solution for it than that it was of super-terrestrial origin.

In regard to the practical effect of a belief in Spiritualism Judge Edmonds discourses thus:

"We are taught the grand doctrine of PROGRESSION, whereby we learn that as the soul of man is an emanation from the germ of the great First Cause, so its destiny is to return toward the source whence it sprang. That man, neither here nor in any future existence, is governed by miracle, but by universal laws which were from the beginning and have no end, and in which there is no turning nor shadow of change; that in obedience to those laws man does not, dying, become instantly changed into a state of perfection on the one hand, or degradation on the other, nor is he condemned to a long and dreamless sleep of ages, but passes into

a state of existence where the evils of his material life being thrown aside, he is more capable of entering upon and advancing in the great object of his creation; and that that object is Progression onward, upward toward perfection forever.

We are taught what is the state of existence into which man is ushered after the life on earth. As under the Mosaic dispensation mankind were taught the existence of one God, rather than the thousand gods with mortal attributes then worshiped, and as under the Christian dispensation they were taught the immortality of the soul and its existence forever, so now, it is being revealed to them, for the first time, what that state of existence is, and how in this life they may well and wisely prepare to enter upon that and make it either undescribably sorrowful or inexpressibly happy.

I am not speaking of matters which are revealed to me alone. I am not dwelling on things which come through channels which are accessible to me only, but in a matter which is open to all alike, which all may investigate and learn as I have, and where the means of correcting any error into which I may have fallen are within the reach of any one who may choose to examine for himself, with the same earnest and fearless desire for the truth which has actuated me.

There has been wrought in my mind the thorough conviction that these revelations, so important to man, are of God, and that they spring only from an earnest desire in an unseen intelligence to open to the world the truth of another life; to aid in removing from the eyes of the wilfully blind the scales of error, prejudice and superstition; to give a man a hope, which is not dependent on the denunciations of the priest, that there is a better life beyond the grave—a life in which the spirit unfolds its wings, and soars to regions where the Spirit of God is indeed manifest; to remove that fear which bows the stoutest heart, and renders the firmest mind a ready believer in the fallacies which are taught as God's revelation, and to bring all religion to one simple point, that God is indeed sufficient in himself to the perfection of that which is of himself."

We have given a fair and impartial account of the contents of this volume.—We consider it a more plausible defence of the theory of spiritual communications, than any which has been previously laid before the public. Many of its statements are in the highest degree marvellous, but with the testimony adduced in their support can hardly be rejected by the intelligent reader. Still, this work, we must confess, like every one on the subject which we have examined, fails to convince us of the validity of its pretensions. Admitting the ability and good faith of the authors—which we do not for a moment question—admitting that the external facts occurred in the manner here described—there is yet much wanting to the argument that they are to be referred to the agency of supra-mundane spirits.

The communications ascribed to Bacon and Swedenborg bear the same stamp of mysticism, vagueness, dream-like tremulosity, which distinguish most of the effusions of the pretended spiritual mediums. If we could suppose for a moment that Bacon and Swedenborg had any agency in inducing the productions, we should only regret that the future state, so far from being a sphere of progress, was a region of senility and dotage. The same may be said of the communications, attributed to Webster Clay, and Calhoun, which, if authentic knock, in the head all our notions of probability, derived from internal evidence.

In regard to this question our verdict can only be, "Not Proven." And, until better advised, we shall continue to believe that the cultivation of science on known principles, is a more legitimate employment of the intellect than the attempt to raise the veil from the secrets of futurity.

One of the most celebrated members of the Paris bar, was consulted the other day by a younger practitioner, upon an obscure point of law. "I cannot give you a positive answer," young man replied the advocate, "I have plead once one way, and once the other and gained my suit at each time."

From the Stark County Democrat.

Senator Douglass and his Slaves.

We copy the following from the Washington Union of August 19. It purports to have originally appeared in the Southern Journal. As both these papers are friends to Mr. Douglas, it is proper that our readers should know wherein his friends see his comeliness.

From the Southern Journal, Aug. 6.

THE BARBECUE AT THE PLANTATION OF THE HON. S. A. DOUGLASS.

MR. EDITOR:—I had the pleasure of attending the barbecue given by Mr. James Strickland, the agent and overseer of the Hon. S. A. Douglas, of Illinois, at the plantation of this gentleman on Pearl river, in this county on the 30th ultimo. The barbecue was intended really for the slaves on the place, in accordance with a yearly custom which Mr. Strickland has adopted, but there was a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen present from the immediate neighborhood.

The arrangements were all in most excellent taste, and the tables groined beneath a profusion of all the good things of this life. The barbecue meats were dressed in the finest and most reliable style, and the adjoining river and lakes had been forced to add their supply of dainties to the feast. I noticed, too, that there was a real superabundance of delightful cake of all sorts, shapes, sizes, and ingredients; but being almost greedily engaged in the demolition of the more substantial portions of the dinner, I feel incompetent to pass a distinct judgment upon the same. My friend Jack —, expressed, I think, the sentiment of the crowd, when, with two tender ribs of mutton in his mouth and a delicate piece of well-browned fish on his fork, he hoarsely whispered—"It is a good and pleasant thing to be here."

The negroes followed the invited guests at the tables and sat down to the same dainties and delicacies which had just afforded so much satisfaction to our guests. They numbered some one hundred and forty in all. It was a goodly sight to see their dark countenances lighted up with the pleasure at the sight of the eatables before them; the entire abandon with which they pitched into the good things; the extreme delicacy of the female portion of the crowd, ordering the delighted waiter with fastidious taste and a careless toss of the head to "fetch the nicest pieces of the sheep meat they could find," or "to cut a big slice of de cake wid de icing on it," or "to stand farder back, and not crowd on de lady when she war drinking her coffee."

The most amusing part of the scene was a table full of snow-balls—some forty in number, and all about one size and age. They were the blackest of black "little niggers." Their heads rolled from side to side as they crammed in the food, and more particularly the cake, in a pure repletion of animal enjoyment. They did enjoy it. Tears were in their large rolling eyes, but they were tears produced by a satiety of cake. They wept because they could

—"Eat no more!"

There was not one of the slaves, little or big but who was dressed cleanly, and some of them almost elegantly—for there is (strange as it may sound to the ears of some) fully as much taste for dress among negroes as among the whites. The little ones were rigged off in their white cotton shirts, the old familiar plantation dress for the children of the South—white as well as black. Here was comfort, health, happiness displayed.

My object, Mr. Editor, in thus detailing the scene which I witnessed on this plantation, is to call the attention of your readers (and it may be some who are not) to the fact that here in our own county, in the State of Mississippi, is a large plantation of negroes owned by a northern United States Senator, and that these negroes are better fed, better clothed, and their bodily comforts better provided for, than many of even the white laboring class of the North—passing for the present the condition of its free negro population. The negroes of Senator Douglass have divine service regularly performed, and for their special benefit. Their spiritual, as well as their bodily, wants are attended to. Now, the thought struck me that it would have

been a most instructive lesson to certain free-soil constituents of Senator Douglas to have been present on this occasion. I would like to have seen the exponent of "All Young America" make his appearance just as the slaves tasted themselves at the tables in order that he might have taken in at a single glance the real condition of the "poor African of the South." It would have added new eloquence to his tongue, new strength to his genius, and new energy to his soul to have been able to witness such a scene as this, and afterward, when fanaticism should drop the slanderous falsehood from its tongue, to have described, in his own vivid language, the sight he beheld on the banks of the Pearl, in the slave State of Mississippi, and to have told the revilers of our institutions, with his natural boldness, that this was not an isolated instance of the southerners' humanity to the slave—but that it was the same everywhere—over the full length and breadth of our beautiful and smiling South. It would have been a good hint to such a man as Douglas to have told those charlatans in literature, those pharisees in philanthropy, and that immodest womanhood of the North, what we know the truth to be from actual observation. MURTON.

"Murder will Out."

In January, 1815, three men, Shultz, Bateman, and Jett, left Galveston, Texas, the two latter to come to Louisiana to purchase slaves. Bateman, with \$6,000, and Jett with \$1,000, Shultz being only in the employ of Bateman, and intending to come a short distance and then return with their horses after they had taken sail. They had to encamp the first night, and before morning, both Bateman and Jett were murdered; and appearances clearly showed, that as they were lying asleep close together, the murderer had shot them both in the head at the same time, by discharging a pistol from each hand. Jett was killed instantly, the ball passing through his head, but the murderer had also cut his throat from ear to ear, in order to make sure of his victim. His body was found lying apparently on the very spot where he had slept. Mr. Bateman was not shot as fatally. His body was found some fifty yards, or farther, from where he had slept, and was severely cut in many places. But he was still alive, when found the next day, and continued to live some twenty-four hours after, but was unable to speak.

Shultz, instead of returning with the horses, took passage to New Orleans, was pursued, but too late to overtake him, and he escaped. The murdered men had no money when discovered, and of course the murderer was also their robber.

A few weeks since, Mr. Bellinger, of Texas, was in South Carolina, where he discovered the fugitive villain—had him arrested, and now a requisition is on its way to take him back to the scene of his crime and his reward.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

THE RAFFERS OUTDONE.—Some of the records of the times in which flourished the credulous and wonder-loving Cotton Mather show forth strange and queer accounts of the freaks of "ye unseen spirits." Here is one copied by the Boston Chronicle from an old journal of a schoolmaster, who whilom resided in "ye ancient town of Ipswich." "Last night, as my wife, and myself were going to bedde, a dreadfu' noyse was heard about the house, anon ye sounde increased violentlie, and seemed to be in the bedde roomes lykewise. Ye windowes shooke lyke a dyce box, and a horrible stynke arose, smelling very much lyke untoe brymstone, allmoete taking from us our breath. Suddenly ye chairs and taybles were thrown hyther and thither by some unseene hand; anon all was sylent. Soon ye beddes did rocke and shayke terribly, and ye bedde clothes didde moove hyther and thither violentlie. Then ye plastering didde cracke and snappe lyke untoe ye report of a pistoll. Soon ye jordan began to moove aboute, and it didde jump upon a chair, whirlyng round right merrye. I clutched it by the handdell, and ye pottle didde hoppe and skyppe around ye room all to our grate amusement."